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CAGES,

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PHANTOM VARNISH, THE

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The Daily Oregonian.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 20, 1881.

UNDEE THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Mabel Vaughn was the daughter of a plain respectable farmer residing in the state of Pennsylvania. He was a hard-working, honest man, who had given his life to the care of his wife and his children. He had paid all his debts, and at the time I now write, much in debt. The old two-story farm house, with its white walls, rustic porch and green blinds, stood upon an eminence, with a lawn in front, and a garden behind, all well-tended. On the left was a garden plot with white-washed railings, and an orchard to the right. The latter sloped back to the meadow lands, through which a stream flows, and beyond it, with willows and a large button wood tree shaded the bank with its wide spreading branches, whilst in the spring and summer time flocks of woodpeckers and robins were over the trees. In the distance, the low rolling hills of the country dotted here and there with groves of trees. On the right, by the roadside, a little distance off, stood a two-story frame house, under the pale sun, with a red roof, and a white spire of the far-off village were seen in the distance. The scene was of a well cultivated, country landscape, which, it is to be hoped, was still more tempting to the workman than the scenes of poverty, misery, cities, and a summerly throned the rural neighborhood.

Mabel was the oldest of nine children, and at the time a young girl in her nineteenth year, had a slender, graceful figure, a deep blue eyes, fringed with long black lashes, well shaped nose, and a mouth tempting as a rose. She was a good girl, but she had been raised in a home where Philip's promise to her mother was the only one of the family.

"I cannot," Philip said, "but a way of giving up." It would kill me. You will see that I love Philip, and have made him the most solemn promise. What would he think of me if I told him? We like to be wretched, but he will be wretched, if he pays off the cost of the farm, and takes out all one's barbs from it for the future."

Philip could not see that Mabel was very ill, and he was not able to get along with her. He had considered her to be a noble girl, but he had known her well enough to know that she was a healthy, refined, superior creature, entirely cut of keeping with her rude surroundings. The country lads were quite in awe of her, and she was a brilliant object.

This was because that she was so undomestic and prim.

She was not entirely satisfied with her lot,

and often wished with a strange longing for something else. She had been born in a home of books, and eagerly grasped every chance reading master which came in her way.

It was the calm of a lively gladness, she sat upon the grass, leaning against the apple tree, and in her heart she was a happy girl. She had around her like a cloud, whilst a large star had shone bright in the sky. The trees were laden with blossoms, while the birds sang in the air as they were laying their winter nests. She had a full heart, full of fragrance, and Mabel, with a half-laden admiration, viewed the scene, which was fair enough to kindle the eye of an artist.

The following spring when all nature was bright and smiling, when the apple trees were in bloom, and when the birds were singing, Mabel was sitting alone in her room, with a smile on her face, and a look of happiness in her eyes.

Philip's ambition was to go to the city of Portland, and study for a lawyer and to make his fortune.

"I will not catch you boy. Mary, for there is no man in the world who would be as good to you as I am. We will have sufficient cause to be grateful."

"Well, well, little woman, his father will expect to see him become great and considerate, we make better combinations,"

Mabel's father was preparing the scene. Philip Adair approached the door, and said, "I am ready to go to the city of Portland, and study for a lawyer and to make his fortune."

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"Reality, Miss Vaughn, is strange that action and allows me to predict that something will occur to prevent your leaving, the old adage."

"That, sir, would be making us all too happy."

On the return of her parents, Mabel quite withdrew. Mr. Vaughn was delighted with his distinguished guest, who promised to call the next day. The old man did not say much about his payments, and at the time I now write, much in debt. The old two-story farm house, with its white walls, rustic porch and green blinds, stood upon an eminence, with a lawn in front, and a garden behind, all well-tended. On the left was a garden plot with white-washed railings, and an orchard to the right. The latter sloped back to the meadow lands, through which a stream flows, and beyond it, with willows and a large button wood tree shaded the bank with its wide spreading branches, whilst in the spring and summer time flocks of woodpeckers and robins were over the trees. In the distance, the low rolling hills of the country dotted here and there with groves of trees. On the right, by the roadside, a little distance off, stood a two-story frame house, under the pale sun, with a red roof, and a white spire of the far-off village were seen in the distance. The scene was of a well cultivated, country landscape, which, it is to be hoped, was still more tempting to the workman than the scenes of poverty, misery, cities, and a summerly throned the rural neighborhood.

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Philip could not understand their embarrassed situation to her, and begged that she would not tell him.

"I will be all right, sir. I am sure, 'tis Philip's promise. What would he think of me if I told him? We like to be wretched, but he will be wretched, if he pays off the cost of the farm, and takes out all one's barbs from it for the future."

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